
Title: To Chase the Wind, Part Two

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Soon Wind's love for
Windchaser was so
strong that she went to
'Viverravus' begging
the God to which she
was bound, to have
mercy and
compassion, to grant
her this one wish.

"Oh 'Viverravus'!"
cried Wind, "I beg the
gift of mortality, to
walk the face of
Britannia, so I might
share a life with the
one who holds my
heart."

'Viverravus',
seeing the sincerity of
Wind's heart, could not
help but to grant
Winds wish....."But
there must be a price
paid, my child,"
continued
'Viverravus'.....

Wind looking down,
tears staining her
otherwise beautiful
visage, whispered,
"anything
'Viverravus',
anything to share his
life with him."

'Viverravus',
speaking in a loud and
clear voice, told Wind
that her love must
prove himself worthy
of her. If he
catch her in her true
form, that he would
grant her the gift of
one mortal life."

Wind, knowing it
was senseless to
argue, thanked
'Viverravus' and

returned to inform
Windchaser of the
decree that had been
handed to her.

Upon hearing this,
Windchaser, unable to
touch Wind as he
longed to, spoke to her
in soft whinnies,
telling her not to
worry, that he would
find a way. With her
as the prize, nothing
would keep him from
winning, and his
heart gladdened at
even this remote
chance to win and hold
his love as he had
longed to do so many
times.

And so they set out
early the next
morning, before the
sun could rise over
Equine hill, and bake
the land into a hot and
heavy silence.

With the dew still
wet on the grass,
Windchaser snorted
his challenge to
'Viverravus', and took
off after the wind.

Windchaser ran
with everything he
had, chasing the wind
through the tree's and
over the hills, out onto
the plain, and then
stretching out to his
full length and stride.
Breathing heavily,
Windchaser caught
his first glimpse of
Wind, there..... just
beyond his reach.....
he could see her
blowing before
him.....

Wind seeing his love
so close gave a great
neigh and straining
forward.... sparks
flying from his
hooves.... sweat and
foam running from
his sides.... he

stretched out his long
neck and.....
touched the wind!

All of a sudden, the
world stood still, and a
great wind rose and
began to spin and form
and take shape before
his eyes.

Windchaser
watched in wonder,
sides heaving from
his exertions, and as
the wind settled and
died, there in front of
him, stood the most
beautiful filly he had
ever seen.

Her mane was long
and flowing, her coat
the color of the clouds,
and her voice when
she spoke to him was
unmistakable.....

"Wind!!!" he cried, as
he rushed to her side.

"Wind, tell me
my eye's do not
deceive me, that you
are truly here."

Wind, feeling the
pull and weight of her
mortal body, sighed
and, laying her neck
across his, whispered
to him that they had a
whole lifetime ahead
of them, and that she
would see all of his
dreams come true.

Windchaser,
returning the embrace
whispered, "they
already have Wind,
they already have."

The story of
Windchaser and his
race with the wind
spread quickly over
the face of Britannia,
and the lovers could be
seen frequently
running thru the
fields or grazing on
Equine hill, where
they had made their
home.

In time, as in all

things, children were born to the happy couple, but some of these children, as you might imagine, being born from more than mere mortals, were different.....and slightly changed.

Alayla pauses, and opening her eyes, looks quietly towards the heavens, smiling gently before resuming her tale.

Some of the little colts and filly's were born with the gift of the Gods and their mother's traits, giving them wings with which to "ride the wind".

And so did the Pegasus come into being, a gift of their love to the world, a plaything of the Gods. A marvel and legend to mortals.

Alayla smiles and looks up, "But that is another story, and we have yet to finish our tale ..."

In time they grew old together and rejoiced in the lives of their children and grandchildren, growing old but never swaying from the love that they had shared.

Then the sad day came when Windchaser gave up his soul to the Gods, and the Wind was left alone....her body aged with the weight of our world, she bade her children goodbye and returned to her true form.

Unable to forget her
love for Windchaser,
and the eternity
before her without
him, she took it upon
herself to erect a
monument to her love,
so that his vision
would never fade
from this plane.

And so the wind
began to blow, and to
carve and erode
Equine hill, the home
they had shared those
many years. With love
she blew into the hill,
shaping it, forming it,
changing it, into what
we see today.....

A stallion proud...
running full stride...
nostrils flared with
effort... neck
stretched out... as if to
chase the wind.